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## The girl who wrote



👁️ 51 ✓ 6 ★ 6

### Chapter 1 by Sarah

My name is Madi Rights, and I am a 9th grader...

This is my story

My parents are dentists, I wish to become a writer.

Pretty neat, huh?

I would think my story begins when I was a little girl...

### Chapter 2 by Maria Malik



I was about 5 years old when this all happened. I went to school like a normal child. I was an extremely quiet and shy girl, I only expressed my feelings through poems and stories. I was the only child.

### Chapter 3 by Rainyday



It was during morning recess out on the playground at Worthington Elementary that I learned I had..unusual powers. Some of you might call it a gift others might call it a curse. My outlook

changes on a day to day bases. That day in kindergarten I would definitely have called it a gift.

Little Michael Hall the typical bull See more of Story Wars

Chapter 4 by Stan Johnson

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Michael wasn't the smartest kid in school. I probably could have talked my way out of him and his stupid friends cornering me in the girls' room and threatening to beat me up. I wanted to scream and cry and yell for help, but instead, something inside me seemed to wake up.

Suddenly, Michael and his buddies were three inches tall. I could hear their little squeals as I walked toward them and scooped them up in my hand. I think one of them peed in his pants, even. But I told them that if they ever tried to hurt me again, they'd find themselves **so** microscopic that even a scientist couldn't find them.

I put them in the sink so they couldn't escape, and told them they'd change back in ten minutes. I don't know how I knew I could do that, but somehow, it felt right, so five-year old me said it. And it came true. Michael and his friends practically *worshiped* me after that. No one believed their story about what I'd done, of course, but still... I wasn't always happy about my power.

I didn't like that I had to hide what I could do. The one time I tried to show my best friend my powers, she *totally* freaked out; she hasn't spoken to me since.

And I guess someone *she* told believed her, because earlier today, some men in sunglasses and dark suits were waiting outside my house when I got home. My instincts told me to run.

And I did.

## Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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